Trick for Trick;

OR, THE

Hasty Cuckold.

14 Octob. 1714.

Dedicated to the Greatest in Christendom.

A Certain Man, (no matter who
That had a neat and handsome (Frow,
Such jealousie Possess'd his (Brain,
He thought his Forehead was in pain,
And more and more he did suggest,
That she made him a Horned Beast:
With that as *Hasty Cuckolds* do,
Contriv'd a way to find it so.
That he the naked Truth might know,
Goes to his Wife with open Arms,
And Crys, *How happy are your Charms,*
Above all Mankind, I am blest,
With Loving Wife, the very Best;
But as the dearest Friends must must part,
I'm come to leave with you my Heart,
Because a journey I am going
To fetch some Money that is owing,
But pretty Honey do not Mourn,
For in one Week I shall return
The Wife, as other Women do,
Seem'd mighty sorry't should be so,
But took her leave with feigned Tears,
And with as many sweet and Dears.
But glad when he was gone from home,
While she enjoy'd her Neighbour, *Tom.*
But *Fortune* that unconstant Bitch,
That favours Fools and makes them Rich,
At Random all her smiles dispences,
Without regard to Consequences:
I say, this Blind and heedless Jade,
Who often spoils an honest Trade;
As if *Old-Nieck* and she were bent,
To Cross a Woman's good intent;
Brought back the Husband home that (Night
The Wife had chose for her Delight,
When *Tom* about an Hour before,
Was let in at the Garden-Door,
The jealous Man as mute as Mouse,
Walk't round, and round, about the House;
And listn'd like a Sow 'ith Barn,
To hear what Secrets he cou'd Learn.
His Head as full of Jealousies,
As Mites within a rotten Cheese,
And knowing where her Bed was plac'd,
Goes to the Window in great haste, And

And there he stood as still as ceu'd be,
To know what Consequences wou'd be,
Laying his Ears as close to'th Glass,
As Foal when sucking of an *Ass*.
At last by giving due attention,
He heard his Wife, *Tom*'s Name to men-
(tion;
Besides the treach'rous Bed did Totter,
And told the *Cuckold* all the matter:
Which made him mad as Bull or Bear,
When Dogs about 'em Bark and Tear;
And finding her a common Bitch.
It made him scratch where't didn't Itch:
And tho' he was a Man of Honour,
Swore he wou'd be reveng'd upon her.
And truely if we rightly scan it,
A second *Job* could scarse refrain it:
Suppose, the cause it was my own,
And that my Wife to Lust was Prone,
If I found her in such an Evil;
'Fore GEORGE, I de kick her to the
And really it is not amiss, (Devil,
In such a Desperate case as this;
For none can say it is a Trifle
When strangers our Dominions Riffle,
'sNo Laughing matter, nor no Joaking,
For nothing can be more provoking.

But now I'll tell you all the rest on't,
And tho' tis true I'll make a Jest on't,
To give the Proverb its just due,
There's no Jest like to one thats true.
Then to proceed as I have hinted,
The Husband he was so Tormented;
It push'd him on such hasty Fury,
He'd neither stay for Judge nor Jury:
But (*Jehue* like) so fierce he Drove,
As if he'd never been in Love;
But streight went to a House hard by,
And call'd up all the Family.
Some arm'd with Forks & some with
Staves,
To apprehend the wanton Slaves,
And maul the Gallant and his Trollup,
for riding an unlawful Gallop.
Away they march'd all *Cap-a-pee*,
Assur'd of Glorious Victory;
For he that chose to lead the Van
Was very stout, and valiant Man,
Whose Conduct he so well adjusted,
The House was presently Invested;
Having secur'd the Lanes and Alleys,
Where Enemies might make their Sallies,
Approach'd the Room were they were
sinning,
And knock'd as if the De'il was in him.
Who's there (quoth she) *that knocks so late,*
What can't a Woman rest at quiet?
The *Cuckold* he reply'd and said,
'Tis I (my Dear) be not affraid,
(Said she) *its Money that you seek,*
My Husband won't come home this Week;
And that which most my Spirit grieves,
Tis'r nothing but a Pack of Thieves.
With that being fraught with Rage &
Anger,
It would not let him wait no longer;
But with the help of Smith and Hammer
Broke open Door, and in upon her,
When *Tom* by one good happy Leap
Out at the Casement made's Escape.
But Fright and Terror did so blind him,
He left most of his Cloaths behind him,
The Jilt on Naked Knees did fall,
With weeping Tears for's Pardon call;
But while her Crys were all in vain,
He Drub'd her soundly with his Cane.
(Quoth she) *your Pity I implore,*
For I will ne'er offend you more.
But being void of all remorse,
He was enrag'd worse and worse;
Says he, *I'll take your Proud Flesh lower,*
Now I have got you in my Power;
If I should kill you, 'tis no matter,
But you shall Live, on Bread and Water.
Of you I will Example make,
That other Whores may warning take,
I'll sooner Bed with Turk *or* Jew,
Rather then Live again with you.
He made good, what he said before,
For he did never see her more.

Printed for *F. Cramphorne*, near *Snow-Hill.*